

Keep It Real

Waka Flocka Flame

Keep it real and don't lie, smoke blunts till I die
Boy, the trap on fire, puff the J, gon' get high
In the trap with the Hit Squad killers
Signed on the dotted line, the Brick Squad niggas
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Waka Flocka and Rick Ross, boy, we so trill
DJ Khaled, motherfucker, I'm so hood
Me and Ace Hood trapping, selling good
Robbery thoughts, man, I wish a nigga would
Me and Trick Daddy riding, swerving in a donk
Blowing loud, kush stinking like a fucking skunk
Me and Papa Duck parking lot flexing
Rolling off them beans, boy, we high like George Jetson
Need a bad bitch, so I paged Trina
A hoe with ass like Jacki-O, tell me, have you seen her?
I got money, I got cash
Fuck with Plies, nigga, that's your ass
Brick Squad clique, we about that cash
Fuck with Gucci Mane, that's your ass

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What's up, Murda Mook? What's up, Uncle Murda?
What's up, Maino? Ain't no place I can't go
G-Unit indo, yes, I'm blowing 50 packs
Lloyd Banks and Yayo, y'all know y'all my kinfolk
Catch me in BX, fucking with Terror Squad
Or better yet, in Harlem World fucking with Dipset
You don't want your clique wet, so please, no disrespect
All I know is grip the Tec, so please, no disrespect
Q-U-E-E-N-S, North Jamaica, Queens, back down to Baisley Projects
Or Westside Merrick, fucking with the Towers
Red raindrops on you motherfucking cowards
Family so fucking real, yes, I'm down to fucking kill
I'm about the dollar bill, trying to see a hundred mill

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